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VERY LITTLE TALES

FOR

VERY LITTLE CHILDREN,

IN SINGLE SYLLABLES

OF FOUR AND FIVE LETTERS.

Second Series

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CONTENTS.

TALE FIRST.—THE NEW BORN LAMB,...	Page 7
TALE SECOND.—THE GOOD BOY, THE BAD BOY. AND THE NICE WISE GIRL,	43
TALE THIRD.—BAD BEN AND OLD SAM SLY,	37
TALE FOURTH.—POOR FAN,.....	185

FIRST TALE.

THE NEW BORN LAMB



THE
NEW BORN LAMB.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

PART I.

A WOLF.

**A new born lamb
lay one day by the
side of a path, at the
foot of a tall oak tree.
Its eyes were shut,
and its look was as if**

it were dead; but it was not dead: yet, it was so ill and so weak, it was sure to die soon, if some one that was kind and good did not come to take care of it, and to save its life.

It had been born just one half hour,



when a wolf came by
to look for food. He
gave a howl of joy
when he saw the

lamb ; for he was in want of food, and had not got a bit to eat all day : so he ran at the new born lamb, and laid his paw on its side, and tore off the soft wool from its skin, and took it up by the back, to eat it ; but, just as he gave it

one bite, and made a deep cut, the loud bark of a fine old wolf dog made him stop, and let go his hold.

The dog ran as fast as a bird can fly, to try to come up with the wolf. When the wolf saw the dog so near him, he ran off,

and fled to his den in the wood.

Now, his den was by a rock, in a deep and dark part of the wood: so he ran into it, and hid him-self, and left the lamb to die.

He did not fear the dog, now that he had

got safe into his den; and he said to himself, “When this old cur is gone, I will go back for that nice fat lamb that I left at the foot of the tree, and I will eat it up, from head to tail.”

But no lamb can die, no! nor can the

bird, that we now see fly high in air, fall back on the sod, or sink into its nest, till GOD sees fit to let it.

They must all die, it is true, when the time is come for them to do so; but GOD will not let a bird, no! not a poor wren, die

for want of food, or a new born lamb fall into the jaws of the wolf, if it is not fit, for some wise end, to let it be so.

He will let us have them for our food, for that is good for us ; but He does not love us, if we hurt or harm

them more than we need do. His eye is on *them*, as it is on *us*, all day long. He made both the lamb and the bird, and He can, and does, take care of them, as well as of a boy or of a man.

He can make them

glad, we know not how! And when we see a bird fly high in the air, and hear it sing its nice gay song; or when we see a lamb run and skip, and seem so gay, and glad, and full of glee, we see that God can suit His care to all

**they want, and give
them joy, tho' none
of us can tell what
way He does it.**

PART II.

G O D S E E S A L L .

**The lamb, the dog,
and the wolf, were
seen by His eye. It
was no pain or toil to
G O D to take care of
them. It is no pain**

**to Him to take care
of all that live.**

**He can see all the
sons of men at one
time with more ease
than you who read
this book, or I who
made it, can see one
word upon the page.
He can save them
all too, when he sees**

it good, with much more ease than you or I could save the life of one poor fly.

And now we must hear what He did for the new born lamb.

Tho' the dog had run so fast, yet the wolf, you know, got safe in to his den; so

the dog sat down at the door of the den, to stay till the wolf came out.

Just then came a loud shot that made the wood ring, and then a loud call, that made the dog cock his ears, and wag his tail, and jump up at

once in joy ; and at last he ran off, as fast, as fast can be, with his nose down to the turf all the way.

“Dash, Dash!” said a boy, who just then came up near to the den.

This was a fine tall



boy, who had a gun in his hand to kill a wolf, if one came near him.

“Dash, Dash!” said this boy, **“why do you run on so fast, and go so far? You must not go too far from me into this dark, deep wood, or you may meet the old wolf that I know has his den near a rock hard by. He**

may dart out on you from his lair, or turn on you from some bush, and kill you, my poor Dash: so do not run from me in this way.”

Then this good boy gave his dog a pat on the head, and took him back with him

from the den; and, as they went by the same nice path they had come by, they soon got safe back to the foot of the tall oak tree.

PART III.

A PET LAMB.

**Here the boy saw
the poor lamb lie at
his feet on the path,
with its eyes shut.
And when he saw**

that it was in pain,
and all cut and torn,
he was in pain him-
self, and did not
know what to do.

He set the lamb on
its legs, to try to
make it walk; but
it was too weak to
move, or rest on its
feet: so it fell back

**on the cold sod, as
you may see.**



He knew not now what more to do; but he did not like to let the poor lamb lie as it was, to die for want of care: so he took it up in his arms, and came with it to his own home; and he made a nice soft bed for it to lie on, and

laid it by a good fire, and gave it some new milk ; and he made his man Tom wash the cut on its leg, and then he let it lie at rest.

By and by, he saw it try to stir ; first the hind leg, and then the fore leg, and then

he saw it lift its head and try to rise: and at last it got up!

The boy now laid it on his lap, and took kind care of it all day, and it lay on its bed, in his own room, all the week; and when the week was at an end, it was well: yes!

as well as he, or the lamb it-self, need wish to be; and it grew fat, and was ill no more.

And soon it grew so fond of this good boy, that it did not like to quit him all day long.

If the boy ran, it

ran; and if he sat, it sat. It eat when he eat, and took its food out of his hand; and



**he let it lick his face,
and lips, and hand;
and he felt love for
his nice tame lamb ;
and it was just like a
wise and true pet dog
for him all its life.**

**At last, when it was
old, and that the time
came for this dear
pet lamb to die, it had**

no pain. It lay down at his feet, and shut its eyes, and sank to rest, just as if it had gone to sleep. And the kind boy took it up, and laid it in a nice new tomb, at the foot of the tall oak tree; and he put a neat slab on the top

of the tomb, and on the slab he cut an ode to the lamb ; but, as you can-not see the tomb, you may read the ode on the next page.

HERE LIES,

AT THE FOOT OF THIS TALL OAK TREE,

A Lamb,

OF ALL LAMBS THE MOST DEAR,

MAY EACH

BOY AND GIRL WHOM WE LOVE, TRY TO BE

AS PURE

AS THE LAMB THAT SLEEPS HERE.



SECOND TALE.

THE GOOD BOY,
THE BAD BOY,
AND
THE NICE WISE GIRL.



THE GOOD BOY,

THE BAD BOY,

AND

THE NICE WISE GIRL.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

PART I.

THE ROSE-WOOD BOX.

**“What will you give
me, Jane, if I try to**

(45)

be a good boy all this week?" said Sam Hill to Jane Hare, a nice good girl, who was his own pet play mate: for a bad boy will like a good girl, tho' he may not like to be good him-self.

"I will give you a kiss, and my love; but

I have not much else to give you," said Jane.

"That will not do," said the bad boy; "I must have more than that."

"What will you have, then?"

"Your new rose-wood box, with the

nice lock, and the gold key. If you will give me that, I will be good for a week; nay, I will be good for two.”

“But, dear Sam, if you can be good for a week or two, why will you not try to be so all your life? It will

make us all love you so much."

"I do not care for that," said he; "what good can your love do me, Miss Jane?"

"Not much, I well know," said Jane; "and I wish I had some way to find out what you want with

the box, and why that will make you good.”

“I will *not* be good,” said this bad boy, “if I do not get that box; and I *will* be good for a week, if you give it to me, with the nice bird in it, that you say can sing a song like a true bird. If I

can get that nice box, all for my-self, I *will* be good I am sure. Yes, Jane, I will *try* to be good for that box; but I will *not* be good with-out it.”

Poor Jane, tho’ a good girl, said to herself, it was very hard to give up her nice

**new rose-wood box,
and the dear bird that
was in it; and she
said, “I can-not give
it to you, Sam: for
my aunt got it for me,
and bade me keep it
for hersake. It would
not be kind of me to
part with her keep-
sake. If I give it to**

you, she will say I do not love her, and that I did not like her gift; yet I do love *her* and *it* both: and, to say true, I do not wish to give my box to you, or to part with it at all. You know I have but just got it, and have but once seen

the lid up to look at the bird, and to hear it sing; and, O dear me, how nice it was! I do wish you had one like it.”

“No, you do not, miss; you do not wish I had one like it. If you did wish it, you have but to give me

this, and then you need wish no more; but I *will* have it yet, and will not ask you for it. I do not love you now, miss: you are a sly, bad girl, and not my own nice, good, wise Jane.”

Then poor Jane was not so good or so

wise, but that she let fall a tear or two. She felt her-self get hot with ire; and she said to Tom, "Sam is not kind to me. He says I am *sly*, and that is what I do not wish to be."

So she sat down on a low seat by the fire,

and did not know what to say to him.

At last a maid came in, to tell them all that it was time to go to bed; and Jane got up, and gave Sam and Tom a kiss, and went to her room.

PART II.

A KIND WISH

Now, Jane knew how to pray: and she did pray to GOD at her bed-side, and did ask Him not to let her be a bad girl; and when

she had done, she got up, and went into her bed, and lay down to rest.

As she lay, she said to her-self, as her aunt had made her do each time she lay down,

Was I as good and kind to all,
As I wish all to be to me?
Did I all day no tear let fall,
That was not fit for God to see?

When Jane said that, she felt sad: for she knew she *had* shed a tear that was not fit for GOD to see; and she felt a wish that she had let Sam have her box.

When she had lain at rest for some time, she said, "If he will

**not be good with-out
my box, I will let him
have it, bird and all!
It may be, that, if he
is good for one week,
he will be good for
more; and when he
has felt how nice it
is to be a long time
good, and to see love
in all the eyes that**

look on him in his own home, and to get a kind kiss from all that love him there, then I hope he will stay good a long, long time. Yes," said Jane, "I *will* give Sam my box, that is sure : my aunt, I know, will not care."

So this good and wise girl shut her eyes, and soon sank into a nice calm rest: for GOD him-self will keep them safe from harm, and give them rest, who pray to Him and love Him, and who try to be good as Jane Hare did.

She lay till dawn;
and then, just as she
'woke, she rose up,
and, as soon as she
had said her last
hymn to GOD, she went
to look for Sam, who
had not yet got up.

“Get up, dear Sam,”
said she: “it is full
time to rise; and I

am come to tell you what I will do."

"W-h-a-t?" said Sam; and he gave a long yawn, and then he gave a rub to his eyes, and then a pull to his cap, to get it down on his ears, to make him-self snug for a new nap.

“ Oh ! dear Sam, do get up: Tom is at *his* book, and I must go to *mine*; will you not rise, and come to your book too?” said Jane.

“ No, that I will not, for an hour or two to come,” said Sam. **“ Go off to your**

book, if you like: you know I do not care for you, or love you now, Miss Jane.”

“But I am come to make you love me, Sam,” said she; and she gave him a kiss. “I will give you my box, and the bird, and all, as you wish for

them so much, if you will do what you said, and try to be good for one week.”

“I will!” said Sam, and he gave a jump out of his bed. “Run off as fast as you can, and I will be at my book in time yet. I love you now, and you

will see I can be good, and that I will not be bad once 'till the end of the week."

Jane felt as glad as if she had got a new box her-self, when she saw Sam look so glad. And they all went to work, and were all so good and

**so gay, that aunt
Anne said it was a
joy to her to see
them.**

PART III.

THE END OF THE WEEK

That day came to an end, and Sam was good to the last hour; and he went to bed full of joy, and rose up as gay as a lark.

Next day it was the same; and the next, and the next: that made four days; and then he had but two to pass, and the box was to be his: so he took good care; and when he felt at all bad, he bit his lip, and said, — “ Oh! I

must take heed to-day, or the box may yet be lost."

He went on well in this way for two days more: that made six; and, when the last hour of the week came, he felt *sure* to win the box. He now lay down on the rug,

to wait till the last half hour went past, and Jane sat on her seat by his side.

Just then the footman came in-to the room, to put some coal on the fire. He did not see Sam on the rug, for it was dusk, and he had not

good eyes. He was a big, fat, John Bull sort of man; and he trod on Sam's foot



with a hard step, that made the boy cry out in pain.

The fat foot-man gave a jump to hear Sam roar: and he let the box of coal fall on him; and it fell on his head, and on his legs and arm.

Then box, bird, and

tree, flew out of Sam's mind. *He* gave a jump too: his face grew red, and his eye shot fire; and he got into such a rage, that he took up some bits of the coal, and took aim to hit John Bull on the nose.

Just then Jane Hare

laid her hand on his arm, and said, in a low, soft tone, “Sam, dear Sam, you will lose the nice box: do take care!”

Then Sam drew back his hand, and let the bits of coal drop, and sat down: and, to say true, he now

felt that Jane Hare was a good girl.

His aunt did not hear Jane say a word to Sam; but she had seen him start up, with a red face, and then sit down: and she said to her-self, “Dear, good Sam, how wise and good

he has been all this week!" and she got up and gave him a kiss, and told him she had seen how well he had put down his rage: for when he was just near to hit John Bull with a bit of coal, he had sat down, cool and calm,

like a wise boy, and did not give way to his sin.

“Rage,” said she, “will make a man a fool; but, to calm a rage, will make a man wise:” so she gave him a kiss once more, and sent him off to bed.

Then he felt glad, and gay, and at ease with him-self, when he saw that his aunt said he was wise and good. He did not yet know that he was more full of sin at that time, than he had been in all the days of his life : for

he did not tell her who had made him stop his rage. His aunt saw him *look* and *seem* good : and so she felt love for him ; but GOD does not mind what we *seem*, nor does He care how the *face may look* ; He sees

into the soul, and he saw that this poor boy was deep in sin: so He hid His face from him for a time, and did not seem to love him; and if you want to know why He did so, it was to make him good at last.

PART IV.

SIN CAN-NOT REST.

Sam went to bed, but not to rest. He lay now on this side, and now on that, and then he lay on his

back; but his head and his neck had been much hurt by the coal that fell on him, and they were now too sore to let him rest on his back: so he got off it, and lay on his face; but soon the heat of the bed made the foot John Bull

had trod on, so hot, that he got out of bed to cool it, in hope to ease the pain.

He gave a leap, to get fast out of bed; and when he did so, he hit his foot on the rose-wood box, that he had left on the step at the side of his

bed, and hurt it so much that it put him to sad pain. It bled for half an hour, and made him cry for more than that time.

But no one was near to hear him cry: so he went to bed once more, and lay till the dawn of day,

but he got no rest. At last, in came Jane and Tom, to tell him it was time to rise; and Jane gave him the gold key, and told him the box was now his own: and she said, —“Now dear Sam, as you have been so good for a week, you

will try, I know, to be good all the year."

Sam felt his face get red as she said this: for he knew he was not a good boy to take the box; yet he was not such a wise boy as to give it back to her.

“Yes, Sam,” said Tom, **“you will, I hope, be good all the year, and all your life too. Jane, I am sure, has done all she can to make you so; and, if you *are* good, the bird that is in the box will sing its nice song for you; but if you**

are *not* good, I can tell you it will not sing.”

“I will try to be good, Jane,” said Sam, and he gave her a kiss; yet he kept the box: was not he a bad boy?

PART V.

A BIRD THAT CAN SING.

Now, Tom knew this rose-wood box well. His aunt had got him to buy it for

Jane; and he knew how to show it off more than she did her-self: so he told Sam to put in the gold key, and to lift the lid; and, when he did so, up came a tree full of nice buds, and each leaf of the tree was seen to move and

**turn on its foot stem,
just as if it had been
a true tree.**

**Then Tom told Sam
to push down a pin
that was at one side
of the box; and Sam
gave it a push, and
up rose a bird on the
top of the tree.**

Oh! such a nice



dear bird ! It was
not so big as the egg
of a wren ; and its

wing, on this side and on that, went up and down, as if it flew in the air. Jane, and Tom, and Sam, did all gaze at the bird, you may be sure; and at last they saw it move its neck, and turn its head, and fix its eye on

high: and Jane said,
“Oh, Sam! now it
will sing its nice gay
song for you.”

But, no! the bird
did not sing: it gave
a flap to each wing,
and then a long, loud
cry, and at last it fell
down at the foot of

the tree as if it had been shot!

Sam and Jane did both jump up in fear: they were sure it was a true bird, and that it was now dead.

Jane gave a look at Tom, and Tom gave one at her, and Sam gave a long gaze into

the box; but no bird or tree were now to be seen! They were gone from view, low down into the in-side of the box, and a thin lid lay on the top of them all.

Then Sam shut down the lid in a pet, and sat down at a loss

what to say; and a word was not said for a long time by him, or by Jane, or Tom.

At last, Sam said, “Will you try, Tom, to make the bird come back to the box, and sing for you?”

So Tom took up the lid, and let Sam

see that the tree and the bird were safe inside, in a low part of the box; and he said, "Now, Sam, try yourself if the bird will not come back for you. I tell you, if you are good, it will sing for you."

So at last Sam *did*

try. He gave the pin a push to one side; but he felt so much in fear, that he did not push it fair, or far: and no tree or bird came up.

“Why, man, you did not push the pin well,” said Tom.

“Yes, sir, I push

it as well as you," said Sam; and he felt bad once more.

"Oh! then I fear this wise bird does not find you a good boy," said Tom. "It does not like, I see, to sing for you. It will sing its nice gay song for none

but a good boy or girl.”

When Tom said this, Sam felt his face grow red once more: for he knew that he was far from good. “Take the box out of the room,” said he; “I will not try

to make the bird sing.”

Then Tom said to Jane, “Then do you push the pin, Jane, and try if you can make it sing;” and, so soon as she put the pin to one side, up came the tree and the bird; and the

dear nice pet put its head to one side, and set its eye on Jane, and then sang a song, so soft, so true, and yet so gay, that both Tom and Jane stood up in joy to hear it; but Sam sat on his seat all the time it

sang, and felt dull and ill at ease.

When the bird had sung its song, it laid each wing down flat by its side, gave a hop from leaf to leaf, till it got down to the foot of the tree; and then it shut its soft blue eye, let its head

drop on its neck, and sunk down into its nest. The tree sunk too: went down, leaf and stem, flat on the top of the bird, but not so as to hurt it; and the thin lid fell down on the top of all.

Then Tom shut the

box, and all was at an end for that day : for his aunt had told him not to lift the lid more than once each day.

PART VI.

A BIRD THAT WILL NOT SING

**When all had seen
the box shut up, and
that each boy and
girl had said all they
had to say of the bird,**

Sam took up the box, and ran with it to his room, and shut his door, and felt, each hour, more full of wo.

“I will try to be good,” said he at last; “and I will get my task, and do all my aunt bids me: and then, it may be, that

the bird will sing for me too, as well as for Jane.”

So he took his book, and got his task, and said it to his aunt next day, and did not miss one word; and when he had done, he put the gold key into the box, took off the lid,

and then gave the pin a good push, as Tom had told him to do.

To his joy he saw the tree grow up, and the bird rise; and he was so glad to see it, that he gave a high leap in the air.

But his joy was soon at an end. He

saw the bird clap its wing, move its head, and fix its eye on him as it had done on Jane; but, just when it made its beak move, so that he was sure he was to hear it sing, it gave the same long loud cry, and fell down the

same way it had done, into the low part of the box, and the tree fell on it, leaf and stem, and the box lid shut of itself, and all was at an end once more.

Sam sat down, and felt so full of wo and ire, that he wept for

an hour; and his cry grew so loud, and did last so long, that his aunt saw by his face, all day, how bad he had been; and Jane was sad to see that her gift had done him no good.

Next day he came to her, as she sat with

Tom, and he said,
“Jane, let me see the
way you make my
bird sing.”

“She *has* let you
see the way to make
it sing,” said Tom.
“The way to make it
sing is to be good.”

“Oh! that must
be a jest,” said Jane.

“Come, Sam, and we will try if the bird will not sing for you to-day, as well as for me.”

So they went up into the room Sam slept in, to try ; but they had just the same tale to tell that

they had had on the last day.

When Jane put the pin on one side, the bird came up to her, and sang her its nice gay song; but, when it came up for Sam, it set its eyes on him, and gave its long, loud cry, till it made

him both sick and sad to hear it.

Each day, for a week and more, it was the same. Tho' Sam did all that he was bid, and set himself to *seem* as good as boy need be, yet he had each day the same tale to tell of

**the bird; and Jane
and he were both at
a loss to know how
all this came to pass.**

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PART VII.

A BIRD MADE TO SING.

At last Sam grew so sad, and so full of care, that all he did went ill with him: each task was hard;

each play was dull to him. He did not lie in his bed at ease, for fear of he knew not what. When he lay down to rest, he was sure to see the bird rise up, and fix its eye on him, and look as if he was not fit to have it in his care;

and its cry was in his ear, in the day, or in the dark, all the same.

He did not like to play, or to ride, or sing, or to do at all what Jane or Tom did; and, in the end, he fell sick, and went to his bed, and was

ill for some days. As he lay, he said, “I am so bad, that no one can love me; even a bird can see I am not good. How, then, must GOD hate me?—He who sees, and must know all I do. I will take the key of the box to

Tom this day, and will bid him keep it for me till I am a true good boy ; and I will pray to God to make me good, like Jane Hare ; and, when I am as good as she is, I will get the bird to sing me just one song, and

then I will give Jane back her own nice box, and will like more to see it with her, than if I had it of my own."

So Sam gave up the key of the box to Tom, and he did pray to GOD to make him good, as he had

said ; and, in some time, he grew so good, that no one knew it was the same boy. He was good for a week, and then for two ; and, at last, he was bad no more.

At the end of one year, Sam took the box to Tom, and said,

“Try, Tom, if the bird will sing for me now.” Yet he grew pale with fear as Tom put the nice gold key in the key-hole ; for he said to him-self, “I am not yet half so good as Jane.” Tom, when he took up the lid of the box,

told Sam to push the pin, with a good firm push, to the left side, and up rose the tree! and then the bird! And, when it had got it-self on the top twig, it set its eye on Sam, and sung an air for him, so gay, that Sam, and Tom, and Jane,

each gave a leap for joy, and then ran and gave Sam a kiss: and the bird sang, all the day long, for Sam, as well as for Jane.

So Sam was glad, and in his joy he gave back the box to Jane; and he grew bad no more, but was just as

good as she was. And now he saw each eye look on him with love in his own home, as Jane had told him they must do ; and, what was more, he felt that the eye of the SON of GOD was on him too, and that he

had come in love to save him from his sin, and to keep him for Him-self.

Now, if they who have read thus far wish to know how all this came to pass, they may be glad to hear, that they can see this same nice

**box, bird, and tree,
and all, in the shop
of Mons. Drii, at
Bern, if not sold out
of it by this time ;
but if they go to see
it,**

Let them look well with-in,
For then they may see,
That the bird can but sing
At one side of the tree.

THE GOOD BOY,

Push the pin to that side,
When you wish to try;
If you move it to this,
Then the bird will cry.

END OF THE SECOND TALE.

THIRD TALE.

B A D B E N

OLD SAM SLY.

(137)



BAD BEN
AND
OLD SAM SLY.

PART I.

THE CAT, THE DOG, AND
THE HEN.

**The last tale I told
you was an odd one.
I must now try to tell
you a tale with some
fun in it; but it will**

be hard to do, for you know, I must tell it all with - out one long word, else you can-not read it; but, when you can read with ease, like a man, then you may have as much fun as you wish for. Well, here is my tale.

A dog and a cat sat one day at the door of a neat cot; and a hen, with a nice blue beak, grey wings, and a fine red comb, sat in her nest, on the top of a rick of hay.

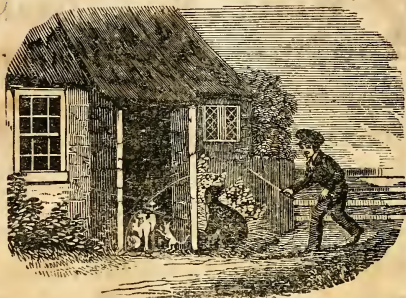
The dog sat by her pup; the cat sat by

her kit; and the hen sat on her egg.

Now a boy, who was on his way to get his task, went past them all; his name was Bad Ben: for he was a bad boy, as you shall hear. It is sad that I know so many bad boys; is it not?

Well: Bad Ben
laid him-self down,
like a sod, on the rick
of hay, and lay for a
long time; but at last
his task came into
his mind, and he got
up, in a fit of fear
and sulk, to go to his
book.

As he went past the



dog, he hit her a hard blow on the back with his rod, till he made

her howl and run off. Then he took up her pup, and put it into his book bag, to hide it from the dog. Then he hit the cat on the side, and she gave a cry, and set off too; so the bad boy took her kit, and put it into his bag

with the pup, to hide them, and to keep them both. He next went to the poor hen, and he hit her with his rod on the head, till he cut her nice red comb, and made her fly off her nest; then he got her egg,

**and he ran off with it
in joy, to sit down by
him-self and make a
meal.**

PART II.

THE NEST EGG.

Ben was in fear to see some one come to take the egg from him; and he sat down by the side of the hay rick to eat it raw: for

he was fond of a raw egg, and he did not know how to boil this one.

Now it was the old nest egg, and he saw it was a fine big one; so he made a hole in the top, and put it to his lips, to suck it down fast; and in slid

a dead bird, that time had made to rot; and it got down so far, that he did not get it out from his lips for a long time, and the thin part of the egg ran all down his chin, and on his neck and coat. Pugh! pugh! pugh! It made one

**sick to look at him;
but he did not know
that he was seen all
the time.**

**Now Ben did not
so much care for the
loss of his egg, as he
had the pup and the
kit yet, to play with;
so he ran to a well, to
wash off the dirt from**

his lips, and chin, and neck, and then sat down in a snug spot, out of the way, to play



**with the dog and cat,
and to toss them in
the air, to vex and
to hurt them. How
glad I am that few
boys are like bad
Ben !**

**He sat so well hid
in his snug nook, that
he felt sure no eye
saw him ; but he did**

not know of the Eye in the sky, that sees all bad boys and bad men, and he was seen by more eyes here too. I will tell you, in the next part, who saw him at his vile play.

PART III.

A DIP IN A WELL.

It was Bob Lee, who had once been a bad boy him-self, and old Sam Joy, the fish man, who had now

got the name of *Old Sam Sly*, that saw **Bad Ben** as he lay at the hay rick.

Sam saw the dog run from this side to that, and look for her pup; and he saw the cat run to him, and mew and cry, to try to get back her kit;

and **Bob** saw the poor hen fly to her nest, to seek for her egg: and when he saw **Ben** run off to the nook to hide, he knew well who had done all this harm. So **Bob**, who was now as big a boy as **Ben**, went up to him, and

said, “What are you at here, Ben? I fear it is some harm.”

But Ben said, —
“What is that to you, sir? If I have got a pup and a cat to play with, what is that to you?”

Bob.—“I will not let you toss them in

the air, and hurt them, as I saw you do just now: so give them both to me, and put the egg into the nest for the poor hen, or you will be sad for it yet.”

Ben.—“How can you stop me, sir ?

“and what will make me sad?”

“You will be sad yet, if you keep them and hurt them, as you have done,” said Bob: “for *I* know that GOD will make all sad who do harm. He lets no one who is bad be long in joy.”

Ben.—“Do you call me bad, sir? I am not bad; and I need not be sad, for I have my two pets here to play with, and I will make what use of them I like.”

But, just as he said so, he gave a look of fear: for he saw old

Sam Sly come down a back lane at his side, and he got up to run off out of his way. But Sam got hold of him by the neck, and he said,—
“**Pugh! pugh! man,**
my nose may now
tell who took the
nest egg from the

PART V.

STILL IN THE MIRE

**At Ben's loud cry,
and at the fish-man's
loud glee, all the
bulls and cows in the
yard gave a low. The**

cocks gave a crow, and the pea fowl a cry, and the ducks a call, as if they were all glad to see bad Ben in the mud; and as if they had a mind to make fun of him.

The dog, too set it-self to bark at him, from the side of the

pit. And the cat sat on the bank, to spit at him: and it was well for him that she was too far off to get at him. But the hen had the best of it now; for she flew to him, and, with ease, lit on the top of his head: and, as she sat

z

on it, Sam and Bob saw her flap a wing at each side of his face, and now and then give the skin of his fore-head a peck that made him roar out more and more.

Bad as Ben had been, Bob Lee was in pain for him: and



he ran and got a rope,
and cast the end of it
to him, in the pit;
and he told Ben to

hold it fast with each hand, and then to let old Sam Sly and him pull him out of the mire.

Hard toil they had to do it; but at last they got Ben out. And oh! if you had but seen him as he got on the side of

the pit—all clad in mud, and mire, and dirt, that ran down from his head to his heel. I can-not tell you what good fun it was to see him. But you may get a peep at him your-self if you have a mind, for there he is. We may



now let him go home,
to wash off the mud
as he best can; but

we will not go with him; for as we did not hear that he was sad, or that he grew a good boy, like Bob Lee, we will have no more to say to him, or to do with bad boys.

END OF THE THIRD TALE.



FOURTH TALE.

P O O R F A N .



P O O R F A N .

IN WORDS OF FIVE LETTERS.

PART I.

THE DAY OF REST.

It was a day of rest—the LORD'S own day—when it came to pass, in a great town,

(187)

that a poor child ran to the door of GOD'S house, just at the hour when all within that house knelt down to pray.

Each house of the kind was full; but there was no stir on the flags, or in the town; for no one, who

had the fear of GOD in his heart, would be seen out of doors at that hour on that day.

But this poor child did not know what day it was : she had gone far and near, and run to and fro, to try if she could find some one whom she

had lost. And her cries and calls were so loud, and had such a sad tone, that all who were in the house heard her as she ran past. And still her words were, “Come back, mam! come back! I sick! I cold! I dry! Oh!

**mam, mam, come
back to Fan !”**

**But, tho’ her voice
was heard, no one,
for a long time, could
mind her call. At
last she came to the
door of the house of
GOD, and gave a look
in-side; and when she
saw it full of poor**

and rich, she ran up the aisle, and did not seem to heed or hear a good and kind man, who spoke in a clear tone to his flock, and, with a sweet voice and mild look, told them to love the LORD their GOD, with all their

souls, and minds, and heart.

The child did not know what he spoke, nor did she at first see him, but still she ran up the aisle, and went on with her sad cry, "I sick! I cold! I dry! Mam, mam, come back to Fan!"

At last the clerk went and got her in his arms, and took her into a small room near the door, and set her near a good fire, and put a piece of bread in her hand: and the child was glad. She put her bare feet near the

fire, and crept close to it, to dry her frock of rags, which was quite wet thro' with rain; and there she sat, till those who were in the house got up to leave it.

And now the Dean, whose name was Lord Hare, came

into this small room, to take off a dress in which he had read to his flock; and when the child saw him with-out that dress, she gave a long stare, and then got up and ran to his side with joy, and she laid her cheek close to the

**side of his knee,
and stood there quite
glad, and at her ease,
and went on to eat
her bit of bread, as
if she was now sure
that she was safe.**

**The Dean laid his
hand on her head,
and said, “God bless
and help you, poor**

child! Tell me your name."

"Fan," said the child, and then ate on.

"Where do you live?"

"Fan not know."

"Who takes care of you?"

"No one takes care

of Fan now.” (Here came a sob.) “All who did take care of Fan went from her.”

“Where did they go?”

“They fell sick, and did die, all but one.”

“And where is that one?” said the Dean.

“Fan not know. She ran far off from Fan — Fan can-not tell where.”

Here her tears fell so fast on her bread, that it was quite wet; but still she ate it, for she had not had a bit of food for a long time.

“Who was she that you say ran from you?” said the Dean.

“My own mam.”

“Was she cross to you?” said the clerk.

“No ; she was *not* cross : she was *good* to me, but I was bad to her. I did cry, and ask her all day for

some food to eat; but she had none to give; and so at last she ran from Fan, and Fan can-not find out where she ran to.” (Here her cry got loud once more.) “But, if she would come back, Fan would try to vex her

no more, and she would not cry, or ask her for food, but stay with-out it all day long.”

“Which way did she go when she went from you?” said the Dean.

“Fan not know.”

“And where will you go now?”

“Fan will go with you.”

“You can-not go with me, poor girl; why do you wish it?”

“You were good to me, and good to my own dear mam.”

“Poor thing! I

can-not have been good to you or her. This is, I am sure, the first time I have seen you.”

“No, no, you saw Fan *ten* times; and more times than ten. Twice in one day you gave Fan six-pence; and one bad, wet day,

you gave her half-a-crown; and mam, and Fan, and all that were sick, got food to eat *that* day.”

“This,” said the clerk, “is the child of some one who begs: she has, I fear, been told to say what is not true.” He then

spoke to the Dean in a low tone, and said that he would take her to the house of those who beg, where she would be fed and clad, and where she might learn to be a good girl.

“Me will go with you. Me will *not* go

with *him*,” said the child in a firm tone ; and she laid her cheek once more close to the Dean’s knee, and at the same time put her arm tight round his leg.

“ You will go with this kind man, who will take care of you,

will you not ?” said he.

“ No ! Fan go with you,” was all she would say ; and then she eat what she had left of her bit of bread.

“ But I can - not take you to the place

where you must go,
poor child.”

“Fan go into no
house to beg; Fan
must go with you!
Fan will *not* go to
beg.”

With much pains
they got her to let go
her hold of the good
Dean's leg; and while

she drank some warm milk which they had got for her, and sat once more at the fire to warm her feet, he stole from the room, and left her with the clerk, whom he told to take kind care of her, in that safe place

**where she was to go;
and where he would
him - self, he said,
soon come to see
her, and fix what
could be done for
her.**

PART II.

STOLE OFF.

He had not gone far, when the clerk rose to put on his great-coat to keep him from the rain ;

and as he put his arms into it, his back was to the child.

Then, just as a young mouse will creep into its hole from the claws of an old cat, so did Fan steal out of the door and run off, in hopes, no doubt, to lay hold

of the Dean by the leg once more; but he was gone from her sight.

When she could not see him, up or down, she hid from the clerk, in a back lane, which was near, and staid there till she felt her-self once

more in pain, from cold, and want of food; then she ran still more fast than at first, and did cry, and call, “I sick! I cold! I dry! oh! mam, come back to your own poor Fan!”

But soon she stopt her cry; for, all at

once, as she spoke, her quick eye saw the good Dean as he stood on the flags, not far from her.

He had done his alms, and all his outdoor good deeds, for that day, but one. He was now on his way to a house, where

those who are sick,
are kept with care,
to be made well. He
had just got near the
door of this house,
when, swift as the
winds could blow, he
saw a child fly to his
side ; and ere he
knew who was near,
Fan took hold of his

leg, with both her arms tight round it; laid her cheek to his knee, and, with a



gasp, and a sob, said,
“You are good to
Fan ! Fan will go
with you !”

The Dean felt much
at a loss what to do.
All who went past
gave a stare, and
some a laugh, to see
a poor child, all wet
and in rags, cling to

his leg; but Fan kept fast her hold, so that he could not stir.

His foot-man, who was at his back, got in-to a great rage, when he saw her take hold of his lord by the leg; but the more the foot-man spoke, the more firm

was Fan's hold. She threw her eyes, that swam in tears, up to the eyes of the Dean, and said, in a tone that went to his heart, "Fan will go with you : Oh ! do not let this cross man put Fan from you !"

"Why do you wish

so much to come with me, child?" said he, "I can - not think where you have seen me."

"My Lord," said the foot-man, "she is some bad child, who knows, I fear, but too well, how to beg and to tell a lie."

The face of the child grew red, and she said to Lord Hare, "Fan does not tell lies; Fan will not beg; but Fan *will* go with you."

"You can-not have seen me, child, that I know of: why then, I ask once more, do

you wish to come with me ?”

“ You met Fan on the flags three times, did me not tell you, and you were kind to her: and Fan saw you in a house, too, where mam was sick; and you were good to her, and made her

glad, and made her well."

"What is the name of your mam-ma?"

"Dad did call her Rose, but Fan has no name for her, but just mam."

"Where did she live?"

“ Fan does not know !”

Lord Hare knew not what to think ; and the foot - man, him-self, now felt for the poor child, he knew not why.

“ Shall I bring her home, my Lord,” said he, “ while you go in

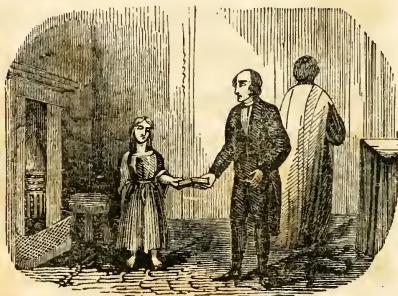
to see the sick?" His lord bid him do so, but when he went to lift her in his arms, she clung to her first hold, and said,

"No, Fan *must* go in here with you; Fan *will* go in with you."

"Well, well, child,"

said the Dean, at last, "you may come with me, if you will; but let go my leg, I beg of you, so that I can walk." He then took her by the hand; for he was kind and good to all; and led her thro' the door, and thro' the hall; and

oh! what joy was in
her face when she
found her - self in -
side.



PART III.

A PLACE OF REST.

The door was shut on them all; and Lord Hare stood to think what he would do, or where he could send her; but she felt at

no loss ; she, too, stood for a short time at the foot of the stair-case, and gave a look round, and when she saw a set of back steps she ran to them and got to the top, while Lord Hare was on his way up the front.

“Stand still, and let us see where she will go next,” said he to the foot-man, as they saw her go into one room, and then in and out of more, till she had gone into all that were near. In each she ran up to the beds where the

sick lay, as if to look for some one.

At last, Lord Hare was sent for, to go to her whom he had come to see ; and when he went into the sick room, Fan clung to the skirt of his coat, till he told her he would not let

her go near the bed,
as she who lay on it
was just on her way
to that world, where
all who live must one
day go.

He found her, of
whom he spoke, just
on the point of death;
but she could still
speak, tho' it gave her

great pain to do so.
“Oh!” said she, in a voice of wo, “where is my child? I left her that I might not hear her cry, when I had no food to give her. Yes, I left my sweet babe! and she is dead, no doubt ere this.—Oh! my child!

my child!" Thus the poor thing would rave, and while she wept, she grew so much worse, that Lord Hare saw she must soon die.

But at the sound of her voice, Fan would not be kept off; she took her hand with

haste from Lord Hare, and got up on the bed, by the side of her who lay there; and she said low in her ear, “Mam, mam, my own dear mam, Fan is not dead; Fan is here; the good, good man, who gave her the half-crown,

took care of Fan,
and will take care of
you.”

Hermam-ma could
not speak for a long
long time for joy: At
last she said, “He
will take care of you,
my child, as he has
done of me; and GOD
will be his aid, and

yours. But take heed, my child, take great heed, to be a good girl, and to love and serve God, for it is He, and none but He, who can take care of you. Oh! trust to Him, my dear child, and He will guide you, and

save you; and bring you at last to that place of rest where I now hope to go.”

Shespokenomore, but shut her eyes; her pain was then at an end, and her soul went to be in joy with GOD.

PART IV.

A NEW MAM - M A .

Oh ! how Fan did cry and sob, when Lord Hare made the foot-man take her up in his arms, off the

bed, and bring her into his home.

The Dean now knew that Fan was the child of one who had been good ; one who had had her sole hope in the SON of GOD, all her life ; and when he came to his own house, he sent

for his child, a nice young girl, who would, he knew, take care of all who were in want; and he took Fan from the foot-man, and held her by the hand, and bade GOD bless her; and he said, with His help, he would take

care of her, while he had life.

But Fan could not cease to cry, and did not, for some time, seem to hear what was said to her: at last she saw a young girl come in-to the room, whose looks were so mild and

kind, that you may guess, it could be no one but the same Jane Hare, of whom you read in the last tale but one.

Lord Hare led Fan up to her, and said, “Here, Jane, I bring you a gift which I think you will like to

have; you must keep this child in your care, and be kind to her, as if she were your own; you will, I hope, teach her all that is good, and bring her up in the love and fear of God: and may He bless you both!"

Then Jane felt glad that he would trust her with so dear a charge; and she put her arms round Fan, and gave her a kiss, and said to her pa-pa, "God, I hope, will give me grace to do as you have bid me." And she took Fan

with her to her own room, and knelt down to ask GOD to bless them both; and she told Fan how to pray to GOD, and what to say; and she took care to form her mind to all that was good; and taught her, with wise and kind

love, till Fan was quite grown up; and when she was a large girl, like Jane, she was as a child to Lord Hare, and both he and Jane felt great love for her all the days of their life.

And now, dear child, (let you be

who you may, that have read to the end of this tale,) may I not ask you to love the great and good **GOD**, who took such care of Fan? and will you not thank Him, day and night, that He takes care of you, and that *you* are not

left to run thro' the
world sick, or cold,
or in want of food;
and that, when you
call for bread, or
wish for care, He
has still at hand some
one, with a good and
kind heart, who, for
His sake, will hear
your cry, and come

M







